

that we need warmly congratulate ourselves on the fact,— but certainly a fact it is,— that the geologic section of our Society is in no danger of exhausting its work at home for a very considerable time to come. We have still much to do in acquainting ourselves with the extinct productions of our country in those remote pre-Adamic periods of its history when it existed, now as a group of Pleistocene islands,— now as a land covered by the Oolitic forests, and washed by seas tenanted by the ammonite and the nautilus,— now, ere yet its existing mountains had arisen from the abyss, as a series of dark plains and steaming morasses, brown with the rank and dusky vegetation of the Carboniferous period,— now as an extended sea-bottom, muddy or arenaceous, swum over by the strange ganoids of the Old Red Sandstone, and with here and there a minute island, green with, so far as it is yet known, the earliest ferns and the oldest trees,— and now as the bottom of a sea profounder still,— a sea without visible shore, inhabited by the minute brachiopods and unique crustaceans of the earlier Silurian ages. That history of Scotland which, omitting the human period as too modern, stretches backwards from the recent shells of the old-coast line to the olenus and lingula beds of Girvan, and which is still unwritten, save in the rocks, will give our younger members work enough thoroughly to decipher and transcribe for perhaps a quarter of a century to come.

On first setting myself, about fourteen years ago, to add to my collection a set of Silurian fossils, I had to content myself with specimens derived chiefly from England and America. All the organisms detected at that time in the great Silurian deposits of Scotland,— though Sir James Hall had found shells in the Wrae Hill limestone nearly half a century previous, and Mr. Charles Maclaren in the Silurians of the Pentlands at least *six* years previous,— would scarce have half-filled a single shelf. Now, however, our old obstinate Grauwackes